THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1424.

Original Poetry.

OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Then sudden month of all the Year—October brown and sere,
How like a conqueror decked with spoils, again thou dost appear!
The fire-work'd sprite, at thy breath, in summer garb of green,
And smiles a mockery of its fate, in gold and crimson sheen.

October! thou most beautiful, when life was in its spring!
A bridal morn and mother's love, commence thou dost during!
But ah! too soon thy gilts revealed—how desolate my bower,
How changed the aspect of thy skies, in sorrow's mournful hour.

How solemn are those opening days—th. month of many tears!
How rich the harvest of those hours, to human hopes and fears!
For then dost gather in thy course, twelve circling moons ago,
The dearest band, the noblest heart, that ever lived and love'd!

Three fleets a-dinge on every breeze that fears thy waving wing!
A requiem, and the buried dead, an aching heart to bring!
While Hope alone weaves the melody with clouded sun-set's gleam,
With wailing wild and falling teal and darkly flowing stream.

Roll on—Ocean's brilliant bands adorn thy nightly way,
And Pleiades for sister lost shed forth a sorrowful ray!
But bless me that the first pang of woe is o'er, and the starry skies,
When Mercy's light from the waves of tired Ioda reveal-lection rise.

Roll on—and bear me toward a land where the bells-have gone—
A land where Death may enter not—where none Farewell can e'er pronounce through thy clouds the precious thought is given.
That ere October comes again my Home may be in Heaven.

SONNET TO JOHN MITCHEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Chilled' the poison in a holy place,
And thy soul flew an altar, for 'twas tried,
And found unspotted from the world, and God.
Worn—as if thy cold pavements were a sod,
By Remembered'—And sainted—and adored
For they appeal from tyranny to God!

Is there no consolation in thy lot?
Can that low convict's bolt be e'en like thee,
Thou Nature's advocate of truth and right,
Thou Nature's freeman—thou Nature's knight?

Yes, England's mists in every fill thine ear,
(For well I know—better can crush thee not—
For lords of low-birth can crush their sort—
Bermuda's hulks and Chillon's gloomy pile,
Are not for souls unstained by guile.

Yet, in the world's memory, and from lot of ends
Pilgrims shall come to kneel at thy tomb,
Where with the tide thy prison rose and fell,
Where thou did'st by England's sons commune!
Commune, Clio!

Pictures of Life.

THE START IN LIFE.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The following tale is rather better adapted to English than American ideas; but the fact that in this country a retailer of moral concepts, generally, can be respectable a part of the time, and the man who takes a farm on rent; but we consider its perusal calculated to do good, notwithstanding this exception, for, even in Republican America, some employments are considered more honorable than others.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*)

"Well, Cousin Dunby, so Mary is going to be married! I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how much it was going to cost you?"

"Thank you kindly, John," replied the miller of the hamlet-chief, as he sat by the burning with which—indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the market, and after Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, I thought it would be wrong to go more entirely than I could help. But that Mary left my cooker to her cousin's own house, and that I, the father of her, all the same as if I had been a stranger. Mary is not one to act so, and I'm sure you're not one to think so."

"Not I, indeed, Cousin Dunby, I mean that where Mary's affection rests, there I shall be glad to see her attentions are my own, I am almost I cannot so easily say where they will rest. Could not Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr. Jones has the name of being a hard and griping agent, and very few tenants will stand it, I'm sure, for very much longer, he knows."

"Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants," replied the widow. "No wonder of that. Jones made a regular bargain for him, or most likely the family had intent for it, and Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without having to pay a penny for the good will of it."

"Indeed! I mean to say, that Hugh took too much to doing things through interest," said John Trayers, composedly.

"And all right, too, if they have not a fortune of their own," replied Mrs. Dunby. "But I tell you, Cousin John, that you would be very much mended?"

"That is more done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a hasty farm on their hands, but in prudence, to have opened a shop in the town. I know one, with a stock in hand, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum."

"A shop! Did you say a shop? Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade. I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well-meaning, but inadmissible proposal. It would ill become my of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was learned by his marriage."

"Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wished to see her and her husband independent, and what they never will be at the fag end of what you call their position. Mary would have done something to spare Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—does anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Dunby, I would not thwart this marriage —I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly; they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through."

Luckily, as Mrs. Dunby remarked, the advice and the foreboding were both too late, and John Trayers was too wise and too kind to offer superfluous counsel to be lost on time, contenting himself for the present with forwarding their preparations as far as he up in his power, even with a discreetness of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, had his silence guessed—his forbearance; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined, in the fullness of confidence and trust, that no other should receive them again; and when the subject was fully dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful as the day of the wedding—as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful!—Are those were no words for Mrs. Dunby; she was strictly rational as carriage and posting-car drawn up to her door, and the full and complete dinner of all the delicacies procurable in the village, supplied by her landlady at Dunby Mill, was scarce better than poverty amongst strangers, and was never spoilt for a farthing by the want of better connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every thing—linen, plate, and her—received and to assist—all gave her credit for genuine feeling in according to her early home and friends—none expected that she would have advanced to the front, and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of importance in the circle in which she lived. But, conceivable women, the like did not satisfy her. She had been all her life clinging to the edge of another, and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. She had her ambition, but it was fussy only; it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and innocent amusements would have won a circle where her father had been intimate many years ago. But could she have thought it enough for her gentle! Mary as the stepping-stone by which her sister were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been a false and mortifying petition—but Mary had been all her life accustomed to feel and all had passed away, while her actual connection remained unnoticed and unknown—for her own part she had no fancy only; it might to complain: instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true home—instinctively she felt that her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was not received; and to hoping that the present retirement soon both to Mary and her self-complacency would be at an end.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her anticipations of some party, lay down her simple work to look at her mother, and say, "Oh, mother, what a pity that you too may not wear a white dress! I have been used never slept at home with unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though almost the first thing I shall do, when I am married, will be to get you a handsome silk gown, and then I know you will be proud of your daughter!" Her mother would only smile, and the subject was dropped.

And again how often would the mother scan the face of her daughter for a hint of her child, for some reason, to discover whether it here was any reason for apprehension in the matter—but Mary always had her to apprehend. But no—Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too unsuspicious, too much in love with her own affections, and her companions were well contented with the present state of things. Can we wonder at it, when Frank Nugent began to love his best sister, and, in return, was loved by her? Can we wonder at their concern her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her true and warm heart. Luckily, he was worthy of it. She would add, that her heartfelt delight at the connection.* little at home; Mary for reissuing a rich old squire, and Frank for getting a wife with a fortune to his purse. And considerably unreasonable, to her his own words, was Frank's request to be paid of the first, and last, time that he should ever ask her to meet him at the house of Mr. Jones, who had been the agent and adviser of Frank's father, and who had certainly not behaved to the son with any particular liberality. Mary, however, at a pause, he inquired how soon Frank would be able to take possession of his farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when Mary, sitting in the parlor of the little inn at the town of John Trayers's early foreboding. Mrs. Dunby was not unfrequently called in to assist in the management; and then all parties were pleased—the agent, who was a bachelor, and knew nothing of domestic affairs, who cleared off an encumbrance on his property; the young lovers rejoicing in their own prospects, and in the relief of their friends; and in that in one instance it had been particularly successful. Mr. Nugent's and Frank's affairs were both right in their conclusions: Mr. Nugent's money had secured him the

East corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The bass ... which, every time the fish ... was thrown up to the ... now sunk by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently ... somewhere by that short ... floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

"The water is low now, and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested, when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the ... however; but, standing upon the ledge, ... the rod in a workman-like manner, as I flung that ... pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong bass rod, which I had borrowed in the "Spirit of the Times" office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself, as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents, they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir."

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and although strongly tempted to "work it up" after the fantastic style of a German tale-maker, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity. C. F. H.

Original Sketch.

SKETCHES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG.

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL KEARNEY.

Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearney, the conqueror of New Mexico and California, died recently in St. Louis. ...

[illegible]

Varieties.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the second story, above that of the North American.

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there ...

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

[illegible]

SALE OF A WIFE.

[illegible]

FOURIERISM.

[illegible]

THE RED REPUBLICANS.

[illegible]

SIGHT BILLS

[illegible]

WORK AND PLAY.

[illegible]

GREAT POSSESSIONS.

[illegible]

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.

[illegible]

SINGULAR CURES.

[illegible]

AWAKE AT LAST.

[illegible]

EATEN BY MACKEREL.

[illegible]

CARRIER PIGEONS.

[illegible]

A NEW PATHY.

[illegible]

PALPABLE UNFAIRNESS.

[illegible]

THE FEELING.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

[illegible]

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Clippings.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

HARD TO BELIEVE.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 1.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY ...

AN UNWILLING ...

[illegible]

ATROCIOUS EXEC...

[illegible]

New Publicat...

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

AN UNWILLING WITNESS.

During the trial of Meagher, which was not concluded at the last advices, the following incident of some occurred. The old woman who figured in it, deserves to be honored for her unwillingness to testify against the eloquent young patriot.

A witness, named Mary Keenan, was called. When she took her appointment at the table, she said:

My lord, with the greatest submissions, I beg leave to say a word. I have been bribed for the prosecution. I have got this cloak and this cap. I have been bribed.

Clerk of the Crown.—Take the book.

Witness took the book and kissed it. she was then examined by the Attorney-General :—I live on the Cottoner; I recollect the evening of the day of the sight at the Widow Cormack's.

Attorney General.—Do you know Mr. Meagher? Mary Keenan.—Oh, I get a bribe—I will say nothing.

You are upon your oath; you are bound to give evidence. Look at that gentleman, the prisoner.—Witness turned her face in her hands.

Do you know that gentleman?

I don't, sir.

Thos. Keenan, cousin-german in the court at the part of the prosecution, and many persons in the gallery laughed at the strange appearance of the old woman and her demeanor on the table.

Attorney General (to witness).—You must turn about, madam.

Mr. Butt.—She has already said she does not know Mr. Meagher.

Attorney General.—Oh, she must answer. Look my good woman, at the dock—do you know that gentleman?

Witness—I tould you I got a bribe for speking; I got a cap, a handkerchief, and a cloak, and a shilling for swearing; a constable got a pound and bought them for me.

Attorney General.—We will talk about the bribery and-by. Do you know that gentleman? You must answer me.

Witness.—I don't know him.

Did you ever see him before? I might.

Were you ever in Waterford? I was.

Do you know him there? I don't remember.

Did you see that gentleman upon that evening at the Cottoner? I don't know—I saw several gentlemen.

Attorney General.—Come, woman, you must answer.

Witness.—I am not able to answer you.

Did you see that gentleman? I don't see you speaking to him? No; I have not a bit of memory, sir.

You have not a bit of memory? No, sir; I am a poor lone widow, making my way through the world.

Chief Justice.—Mr. Attorney General, will you press her any more?

Attorney General.—No, my lord. You may go down, madam.

Mary Keenan called her cloak about her and retired her cap, and then went rapidly off the table, swearing to one in her cloak as if unwilling even to look at Mr. Meagher.

ATROCIOUS EXECUTION.

We do not often publish such accounts as the following, but it is well that the public should be kept on-selves in mind of what nature of inhuman wretches' homes under a republican form of account is taken from the "Commercio del Plata," of Montevideo, South America:

A lady named, named Gutierrez, ex-curate of the parish of Socarazo, in Buenos Ayres, seduced a young girl of respectable parents, and fled with her daughter of respectable parents, and fled with her. The parents of the girl, on learning the seduction, they removed engaged in search of the fugitives, and at length succeeded, by an Irish priest, named Gannon. Gutierrez and his victim were conducted, together with the young girl, from Goya to Rosario, in a vessel bound to Buenos Ayres. On meeting there for a few days, exposed to all the malice and taunts of the crew, Gannon, Gutierrez, the fear Rosa, and both condemned to death.

Father Gannon, Catholic priest, was unwilling to perform his functions nor exercises any about death, it was ordered that he should be shot. Gannon, and the order was accomplished by pointing, in a party of artillery, lately raised by Don Estevan Echeverria.

They were then taken with their eyes bandaged to the place of execution, Gannon perceived who was walking at his side; and Camilla replied, "I pray only that you will forgive me, and I am now content to die. Do not grieve for me."

So great was the horror felt at the atrocious sentence, that, when the soldiers of Santos Lugares accustomed, as they were, to scenes of butchery, recoiled at the idea of firing on the fair form of Rosa Gonzalez. One of the executioners insisted, and succeeded, after shooting at Camilla, she fell dead. They were obliged to fire three discharges before the last was mortally wounded. The first, Camilla was unmarried, at the second fire, Gannon was slightly wounded, and at the third fell dead.

What must have been the feelings of the father of the wounded girl, on the lonely road, hearing the former of whom had informed Rosas of his daughter's flight immediately on its discovery, was an excellent pastor and singer. The execution took place on Friday, the 17th ultimo, at 5 P. M., and the bodies of the heroes were poured on a hot sand for the purpose.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

The Boston Bee of a recent date, contains the following:

A Mr. George, in Vermont, while preparing to blast a rock, had an iron bar, as usual, to ram down in diameter, and three feet seven inches in length, driven through his head, entering under the left cheek, and passing through the top of his head with a force that carried the iron bar with it, each, making its way through skull and brains. Several gills were slopped, and the patient was able to walk but is much crippled. The wound in his head has healed, the centre is the same as before, and he is likely to be out again with no visible injury but the loss of an eye.

We did not publish this when it first appeared, but as it is asserted by the relatives of the man bombing, and as we are assuming that our readers should have no suspicion of the marvellous, we now lay it before them.

We may add, however, that this story belongs to that class, which persons generally receive at the relation of with the phrase, "I would not believe it, if I had not seen it myself." We would not like to be expected to believe implicitly, who has not seen it.

A WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.—A few days ago a watched drunkard, residing in Bass River, Barnstable county, N. J., slumbered his friends that he would drink no more and take him at a certain time! The time drew near—he gave his wife all his money, (and much, of course,) to keep for him, and said, on that night the Devil would come to him, and he must be left alone. He parted with one of his neighbors, and wished to be locked up where he could not get out; and at 10 P. M., the time he had come to-night to take me off, unless I am fastened up; he was not secured, however. Some time in the night he must be seen that he made his way to the street and plunged in. The body was found a short time after, and buried.—*Correspondent of Post.*

DEATH OF HEALDS.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 151—adults 72, and children 99.

New Publications.

HINTS TOWARDS THE FORMATION OF A MORE COMPREHENSIVE THEORY OF LOVE. *By N. P. Cabotlogic. Edited by the Rev. S. Osgood, D. D., of St. John's Calliope.* Anything from the pen of one whom the poet Wordsworth called

> "The star of the pickle-bottle,"

and who doubtless was one of the silent men of an able rate, is worthy of the most careful perusal, man and clairvoyance. Published by *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, Phila.*

SHORT SERMONS ADDRESSED AND BEING OUR. *Being the fourteen Addresses of the "Old Old" and the "Young Men's Christian Association" of Boston.* Here we have another volume of Carey & Hart's Library of Standard American Works, just published by Dailey. Among the collection we recognize many articles that have gone the rounds of the papers for years, and some which we like to see, for instance, "The Way in Society's Bad Company," "Is it my Friend?" "Love in the Factory," &c., &c.

THE SCHOOL AND THE HOME READERS; OR, Rods, Rules and Reasons. *By Joseph Emerson, Author of "Beautiful," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Dipping at random into this work, we find it written with much power. It may be that another genius has aided along in the make of the author of "Jane Eyre." We commend the work to our readers, feeling perfectly confident that whatever else they may get, they will not get trash. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE TRIUMPH AND ARE HEARTS. Part II. of this work has been issued by the Harpers. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

A BEAUTIFUL WORK.

We have received from *Mr. G. S. Appleton, partner of Chauvet and Boswell Street*, a copy of a work published by him intended for the coming Christmas and New Year, which is truly a beautiful product of *American Art.* It is called the "WORKS OF THE RING—*delineated in a Series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture, by Clergymen of the United States.*" The text is illustrated by fine engravings of Hagar, Rachel, Potiphar's Wife, Pharaoh's Daughter, Deborah, Jephthah's Daughter, Delilah, Ruth, Bathsheba, Elizabeth, Abigail, The Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, Athaliah, Esther, Sora, wife of Tobias, Judith, and the Mother in Sarcophem. Among the names of the authors of the accompanying sketches, we may mention those of Rev. Stephen Tyng, Episcopal, Cooke, Bishop Burgess, Methodist, Bishop Doane, Chorear, Bishop Meade, Irvine, &c., &c. The work is edited by the Reverend J. M. Wainwright, D. D. The printing work, and the binding (by J. T. Altemus) are of the finest quality.

As a present for the sacred season of Christmas, or for New Year's Day, this work is admirably adapted.

THE SUSAN PARTON'S MANUAL. *By W. J. Evans, No. 25 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.* This is a treatise on the art of obtaining sugar from the sugar cane, suggested by the commercial condition of the British sugar producing colonies. The author appears to think that while much of the adversity which the planters in those colonies have encountered has been produced by the legislation of Great Britain, much is owing to a want of knowledge as to the best means of managing the cane, and to the use of some very simple things might derive some useful hints from the perusal of this work.

FOR CHILDREN. We would advise those of our readers who wish to obtain books for children, as gifts during the approaching holidays, to call at the bookstore of Mr. Dailey, the successor of G. S. Appleton, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets. Here they will find, at the right price, the best juvenile publications. Mr. Dailey has just published a fresh assortment, among which are many gems of "Lie and Wanderings of a Mouse," "Zoe," "The Little Rhymer," "Uncle John's Bible Stories," "Uncle John's Stories of Animals," "Uncle John's Stories of Birds," "Little Annie's First Books," &c.

DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE. *By John T. Hodges, A. B., of Yale College, and Member of the Medical Convention. A. & G. P. James.* Containing an account of the Convention of New Mexico, Gen. Kearney's overland expedition to Taos, and Doniphan's Campaign against the Navajos, Operations of General Price at Santa Fe, &c., &c. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

THE GARLAND.—The November number of the "Garland and Dollar Magazine," contains an engraving called "The Orphan Girl," the Rose Bud," "Elizabeth Lee, a Tale of the Revolution," "The Bridegroom's Smile," by Mrs. Hentz, "Fashions and Manners," by Edith Blythe, "Grandfather Tyre's Lecture," by Mrs. Mc-Clintock, &c., &c.

DUFF'S BOOK-KEEPING. *School Edition. Harper's Brothers, New York.* This embraces single and double entry based on the actual business done in the inland and maritime commerce of the United States. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

RUDIMENTARY CORRECTED FOR THE USE OF BEGINNERS. *By Thomas Graham, Professor of Chemistry in University College, London. John Weale, Reprinted in Philadelphia by Lea & Blanchard.* For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

SEQUEL. *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, of this city, have published another volume of the Clarendon Novels, entitled "The Sequel," by Edith Sheffield, Author of "Lucy Sandford," &c.

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The Boston Bee of a recent date, contains the following:

A Mr. George, in Vermont, while preparing to blast a rock, had an iron bar, as usual, to ram down in diameter, and three feet seven inches in length, driven through his head, entering under the left cheek, and passing through the top of his head with a force that carried the iron bar with it, each, making its way through skull and brains. Several gills were stopped, and the patient was able to walk but is much crippled. The wound in his head has healed, the centre is the same as before, and he is likely to be out again with no visible injury but the loss of an eye.

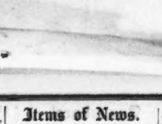
We did not publish this when it first appeared, but as it is asserted by the relatives of the man bombing, and as we are assuming that our readers should have no suspicion of the marvellous, we now lay it before them.

We may add, however, that this story belongs to that class, which persons generally receive at the relation of with the phrase, "I would not believe it, if I had not seen it myself." We would not like to be expected to believe implicitly, who has not seen it.

A WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.—A few days ago a watched drunkard, residing in Bass River, Barnstable county, N. J., slumbered his friends that he would drink no more and take him at a certain time! The time drew near—he gave his wife all his money, (and much, of course,) to keep for him, and said, on that night the Devil would come to him, and he must be left alone. He parted with one of his neighbors, and wished to be locked up where he could not get out; and at 10 P. M., the time he had come to-night to take me off, unless I am fastened up; he was not secured, however. Some time in the night he must be seen that he made his way to the street and plunged in. The body was found a short time after, and buried.—*Correspondent of Post.*

DEATH OF HEALDS.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 151—adults 72, and children 99.

Items of News.



POLITICAL ITEMS.

A bill exempting homesteads not exceeding $300 in value, from attachment, was ordered to a third reading in the General House of Representatives, by a vote of 109 to 31.

Gen. Persifer Smith is in New York, and will shortly take his departure for California, to assume the de ues of Governor.

Hon. W. Upham, Whig, has been re-elected to the United States Senate from the State of Vermont, for the ensuing six years.

CHAS B. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MONTGOMERY TYLER, Esq., is Agent for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Western States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Connecticut.

JOHN H. DANTER, do. do. in Illinois.

J. L. SPRAGUE, do. do. in Ohio. &c.

CHAS W BARTON is our only Collector for New-Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N Carolina, is Agent for the paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained monthly, wholesale and retail, of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c., Boston.* *HUTCHINGS & CO., Boston, Mass.* *C. MILLIKEN & BOOKSELLER, Alabama.* *J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.* *GEO W NOBLE, Louisville, Ky* *JOHN F. MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.* *W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.* *J. M. WILLIAMS & BROTHER, Cincinnati.* *H. F. HALLEN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.* *J. M. WILLIAMS, Cincinnati, Ohio.* Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday and

	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s 1862	102	103
" 1867	104	104½
" 1868	104½	105
" 1870	104½	105
" 1871	104½	105
" 1872	104½	105
" 1873	104½	105
" 1874	104½	105
War Bonds	104	104½
Treasury Notes	101	101½
Philada 6s	99	99½
" 5s	93	93½
County 6s	99	99½
" 5s	93	93½
Tennessee 6s	75½	76
Kentucky 6s	85	86
Ohio 6s	101	101½
Indiana 5s	93	93½
Illinois 6s	90	90½
Missouri 6s	90	90½
N O Canal 6s	75	76
Reading R 6s	99	99½
" R 5s	93	93½
Long Island 6s	99	99½
Penn R 6s	99	99½
" R 5s	93	93½
Penn R Bonds	99	99½
" Stock	27	27½
Morris Canal	57½	58
Camden R 6s	99	99½
" R 5s	93	93½
Harrisburg R 6s	99	99½
" R 5s	93	93½
Susquehanna R 6s	99	99½
" R 5s	93	93½
Lehigh Nav 6s	99	99½
"

Selected Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I will remember him, in cities free
Rent and perverted, and the human mart
And crowded pavement, and the glittering mart
Of the New World, and where the human heart
Is tried by fiercer test, and proved more pure.
And in my humble portal thronged least
His words, like choicest gems, were treasured up.
Precious to me, and to my household now
Of sacred gift, as enduring riches.
Yea, I will remember him, when the pomp of courts
Shall vanish from my sight, and the tones of power
Sink silent in my memory, while I think
Of the pure welcome of his beaming face,
Dreaming the hour that honored with love to all
Whom God had made.

Yet now meditate I here
O'er ocean's waves the record of his close.
Bearing him to his home. Multitudes,
To solemn grave, press around. He rests in there,
As though a whole community deplored
Father and friend. Unanimous tongues in death,
And gentry in event. Every soul
Mourns him.

Rich prince or hero found
Such honored grave, who for nobleness's sake
Cradled with earth around the dust of gems
And coffined in money? Were hyper meet
Such mourning of the poor, here, not to gift
Of Rich's earning shed, hath fervently wept?
With benevolence of its brother's sweat,
And, sweeting, trampled on the Master's rain
Of Charity?

Gifted and good, farewell!
True patriot, and true Christian. Peace and love,
The prayer of truth, shelter of the heart
Be resting thee in language, that thy deeds
Spoke forth in dialect, by angels understood.

Oh, inverted of dust spirit, early sought
By Him, deemed clearest of the sons of men
Map ow the pattern of thy blameless life
Possess, and deed to clone, eternal mete.

National Era.

The Moralist.

DOING AND DREAMING.

FROM CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ'S RECENTLY PUBLISHED NOVEL.

In our multifarious correspondence there is a class of letters capable of awakening peculiar emotion than the writers imagine. Those letters are addressed sometimes anonymously, sometimes from disconnected with their position in life, and sometimes do advise as to how they may contrive to emancipate themselves from the shackles of their position and genius. Almost all of these state frankly the reasons why they have been induced in this temporary to address themselves to the "Journal of Literature" reason is, that it is the Journal which has touched with unwonted light "the stinging images of things," which has stirred up the vision from their lethargy, and inspired a vast hunger in their minds that seeks to relieve itself in some new sense of action. Sometimes, we are not declared to be the effect of the mere expansion of mind brought about by years and by the lapse of time; it rather more particularly to the authentic postures we delight to give of the successful struggle of youth, and the time of lofty and unconquerable pride never and been, in spite of the adverse circumstances of fortune. Many of these letters are too, warmed into generous enthusiasm, and others with considerable power, are expressive of the most humble the vague and romantic yearnings of youth for the throes of genius, and fancy that all they would be active of declaration is to be set to work, and

Now we are not opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination: we think, on the contrary, that it tends to give a charm to life that in itself is an important as his sister life; and the fact that, like the latter, must have its moments of enjoyment, and its moments of sorrow, and its moments of deep birth, when the prosper t—continuous active, its action unbroken, and it is content in doing them; and in the meantime they serve at odd moments to re ly upon and sustain it under the hour of trial, and shows the cause and subjection of life. But the danger is, that they may go too far; that the imagination may dominate over the reason, and the reason may dominate over the imagination; and that, in hearing it, turn grandeur, may neglect that exercise of a practical conduct and responsibility. It is therefore that while he would counsel the vague aspirations of genius alluded to affect my evidence of our being really superior to our present employment, and forward to declare it.

What has been the course of these remarkable persons who have been great? Have they not attained to the eminence of the world? Did their minds not exhibit about it a certain consciousness of power? Did they feel an indistinct consciousness that they could do something, if they only knew what—that they could write, if they only could find a subject worthy to be the temple of fame or fortune? No such thing.—They did their appointed work one of course in time, and without a question, but in defiance of re luctance and coldness, and the most discouraging and contracted late magical rule the humblest tasks or of the humblest trades: if philosophers, the phenomena of nature were to be observed; if a poet, it was in a prison; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough-tail.

Imagination—for the number—one."

It would seem, in fact, that vagueness and uncertainty are indications of want of power, and that the very circumstance of a man's asking for at all was a probability of his not possessing it.

Let us look into literature for an illustration of what we mean. The profession is thronged by individuals who have, in the majority of cases, no chance, of success. How does this come about? Through ignorance. They mistake a certain portion of taste for sympathy of talent, the power to esteem for the power to create, and plunge deeply into a profession for which they were prepared by no study, and qualified by no natural gift. The history or romance destined to be read is not written at present. Their first efforts come from them, as it were, unconsciously. Extraordinary, they cast their head upon the waters, ignorant of the pro cess it will undergo, and incredulous of the form or color it will assume to them. So it does receive, and in form which makes their hearts beat and their eyes dazzle—Money! They cast not for money obstinately; but in the case it gives them the assurance of being read, and of having their literature value in the estimation of their fellowmen. God bless their pockets! It is the only point of the very honest resignation of life, we return proudly—and more unselfish are the most lucrative of our first gluten!

Literature, as the elder Scott has observed, should be used as a staff, not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a competency. And do not they learned in the profession would embark in literature as a profession? Indeed, having made a competency, whether he had the power to live by it. Without dedicate and respect we have at every hour to find—let such be turned, and receive due estimation; but what we allude to is the mercenary spirit of the world which looks for gain in the product without having any reference upon the future. That spirit is the most to be condemned and more fatal in youth than is usually supposed, and it is not the less to be dreaded because by a more mistaken, which confounds the capability of deing with the habit of dreaming.

Again, we the highest of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence, that although they may be in the meantime pressed, "the world forbids of their own ingenues," they are not the consequences of those circumstances, but of the power of genius in the way of fortune. While apparently preparing the wheat is to come, they are in reality unwisely believing it is to be the result of circumstances, till they are rocked, either gradually or suddenly, as it may happen, from their state of security. Then are attained the above mentioned results. They should be a patient submission to circumstances, but let the best be made of them, and the rest will be added. If young persons have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, let them cultivate it quietly in the leisure opportunity comes, and they find that they can trust to it for their advancement in life. Many remarkable instances may here be mentioned of the sort of fidelity which governs the struggling genius. There was once a young man who was a clerk in a shop, and whose name was Bruce. This was no idle dream with him, for he had genuine literary faculty. He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he went, he found that he might have at better pictures than he could ever do himself. He would paint—he could not help it; and Paris, to which he went, he found that he might have at better pictures than he could ever do himself. He would paint—he could not help it; and he could not see the pictures. He would paint—he could not help it; and he could not see the pictures. He would paint—he could not help it; and he could not see the pictures